THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

NOON HOUR CONCERT

Wednesday, November 14, 1973 at 12:00 noon

Fine Arts Room 1-23

OCTET IN Eb FOR STRINGS, OPUS 20.....Felix Mendelssohn
1.Allegro moderato ma con fuoco
3.Scherzo: Allegro leggierossimo

Violin: Norbert Boehm, Allyn Chard, Carol Hall, David Zweifel
Viola: Neil Hughes, Barbara McLean
Cello: Barbara Morris, Diana Nuttall

SONATA FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO, OPUS 12, NO.2.....Ludwig van Beethoven
1.Andante, piu tosto allegretto
2.Allegro vivace
3.Allegro piacevole

Valerie Myers, violin
Ronald Proctor, piano

SUITE HEBRAIQUE.....Srul Irving Glick
1.Cantorial Chant
2.Chasidic Dance
3.Hora
4.Lullaby
5.Dialogue
6.Circle Dance

JoEllen Harris, clarinet
Elaine Dobek, piano

SONATA IN B MINOR.....Johann Sebastian Bach
2.Allegro

Norbert Boehm, violin
Patti Rhein, piano

SONATA from Die Bankelsangerlieder.....Anonymous

Wendy Grasdal, trumpet
Edward Pedersen, trumpet
Larry Reese, french horn
Chris Taylor, trombone
Henry Vant Erve, tuba

SONATA NO. 5 IN F MINOR.....Johann Sebastian Bach
1.Adagio

Norbert Boehm, violin
Beth MacIntosh, piano

Next Noon Hour Concert - Wednesday, November 28 in Fine Arts 1-23.

CATHERINE

Lo aspettai là in presenza della Vergine. Chiesi a Maria la grazia che potesse avere luce e pace nel cuore nell'ultimo istante, e che potessi condurlo a Dio sano e salvo. La mia anima allora si riempì della dolce fattami che non potevo vedere alcuno sebbene vi fosse una gran folla.

I waited for him there in the presence of the Virgin. I besought Mary for the grace that he might have light and peace of heart at the last moment, and that I might see him safe in God. My soul became so filled with the sweet promise made to me that I could see no one although there was a great crowd there.

THE VOICE

Allora egli venne e si inginocchiò tranquillamente sapendo che presto sarebbe nella vita imperiture.

Then he came and knelt down with great meekness knowing that he would soon be in everlasting life.

CATHERINE

La sue labbra dissero "Gesù.....Caterina."

His lips said, "Jesus.....Catherine."

E così fu che ricevetti il suo capo nelle mie mani, quidi vidi Dio e l'Uomo, così come se vede lo splendore del sole. Con quale gentilezza e con quale amore Dio attese quell'anima mentre lasciava il corpo. La mia stessa anima riposò nella pace e nella quiete e non sopportai che se togliesse dai miei vestiti il sangue che vi era caduto sopra. Straziata, rimasi sulla terra con l'invidia più profonda.

And so it was I received his head into my hands, then I saw God and Man, as one sees the splendor of the sun. With what gentleness and love God waited for that soul as it left the body. My own soul reposed in peace and quiet, and I could not bear to remove from my garments the blood that had fallen on them. Wretched and miserable, I remained on earth with the greatest envy.

SAINT JOAN OF ARC (1412-1431)

JOAN

Ah! Est-ce que je mérite d'être traité avec tant de cruanté que mon corps soit aujourd'hui devoré par les flammes et réduit en cendres? J'aurais préferé être décapité cent fois que d'être brûlé de la sorte. Oh! j'en appelle à Dieu, le juge suprème, pour rectifier le tort et l'injustice qui me sont faits.

Ah! Am I to be treated with such horrible cruelty, that my body should be consumed today and turned into ashes? I should prefer to be beheaded seven times over than to be burnt in this fashion. Oh! I appeal to God, the supreme judge, to right the wrongs and grievances done to me.

THE VOICE

Jeanne, que la paix soit avec vous. L'Eglise s'avère incapable de vous défendre.

Joan, go in peace. The Church can no longer defend you.

JOAN

Oh Rouen, faut-il que tu sois mon dernier refuge! Oh Rouen, je crains que ma mort soit pour toi une source de souffrance. Eveque, c'est vous qui me causez de mourir. Si vous m'aviez commis au bras régulier je ne serais pas là où j'e suis. Que j'aie fait le bien ou le mal, la faute n'en est pas à mon roi... ce n'était point lui que me conseillait. Oui, mes voix venaient de Dieu, et elles ne m'ont point induite en erreur.

O Rouen, must thou be my last abode! Ah! Rouen, I sadly fear thou wilt suffer because of my death! Bishop, my death is your doing. If you had placed me in a prison of the Church, this would not have come to pass. Whether I have done well or ill, my king is not at fault...it was not he who counseled me. Yes, my voices came from God, my voices did not decieve me.

Un peu d'eau!.....Un peu d'eau!

Water!.....Water!

THE VOICE

Dix mille hommes pleuraient. On pouvait entendre Jeanne dans les flammes du bûcher, invoquant ses saints et son archange. Elle poussa un grand crie...

Ten thousand men were weeping. We could hear her in the fire, invoking her saints her archangel. She uttered a great cry...

JOAN

"JÉSUS!"

"JESUS!"

THE VOICE

Et lorsqu'elle laissa échapper un dernier soupir j'ai vu une colombe l'emporter de sa bouche.

I saw with her last breath a dove fly out of her mouth.

RESURRECTIONS

SAINT TERESA DE ÁVILA (1515-1582)

THE VOICE

Dios es mudo. Él es la escencía de la quietud. Solamente aquellos que se acercan a Él en silencio pueden ser oidos.

God is without speech. He is the essence of quiet. Only those who approach Him in silence can be heard.

TERESA

Nada te turbe, nada te espante, todo se pasa, Dios no se muda, la paciencia todo lo alcanza: Quien a Dios tiene nada le falta: sólo Dios basta.

Let nothing disturb you, nothing frighten you. All things are passing: God never changes: patient endurance attains to all things: Who God possesses is wanting in nothing. Alone God suffices.

THE VOICE

Ella no tenia experiencia en al arte de morir. La muerte misma, el objeto de éste último viaje, habia sido familiar en ella. En su mistica experiencia de muerte, ella a menudo la habia sentido venir. Para ella, muerte era solamente un comienzo....

She was not inexperienced in the art of dying. Death itself, the goal of this last journey, had always been familiar to her. In her mystic experience of death, she had often felt its coming. For her, death was but a threshold....

TERESA

¡Ay, qué larga es esta vida! ¡Qué duros estos destierros! Esta cárcel, estos hierros en que alma está metida! Sólo esperar la salida me causa dolor tan fiero que muero porque no muero.

Oh! How long this life is! How cruel this exile, this prison, these chains in which my soul is bound! Yearning to escape causes me cruel grief...I'll die because I do not die.

O mi Dios, la esperada hora al fin ha llegado, y mi alma se regocija de unirse contigo en la eternidad.

Oh my Lord, the longed for hour has come at last, and my soul rejoices in being united with you forever.

SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA (1347-1380)

THE VOICE

Venne da colui che era conosciuto come Niccolò di Toldo. Fu confortato, consolato e si confessò. Le fece promettere di essere seco quando fosse venuta l'ora della sua esecuzione.

She went to him known as Niccolò di Toldo. He was comforted, consoled, and he confessed. He made her promise that when his time of execution came she would be with him.

CATHERINE

La mattina prima che suonassero la campane venni da lui e ne fu contento. Soltanto rimaneva la paura di non essere coraggioso all'ultimo momento. Sta di buon animo dolce Niccolò perchè presto arriveremo alle nozze. Sarai immerso nel sangue del Figlio di Dio. Ti aspetterò nel luogo dell'esecuzione.

In the morning before the bell tolled, I went to him and he was glad. There only remained the fear of not being brave at the last moment. "Be comforted sweet Niccolò, for soon we shall come to the nuptials. You shall be bathed in the blood of the Son of God. I will be waiting for you at the place of execution."

THE VOICE

E Niccolò disse "Vi sarò gioioso e forte. Mi sembra mille anni prima che you raggiunga quel santa luogo dell'esecuzione se penso che mi aspetterai là."

And Niccolò said, "I will be there joyous and strong. It will seem a thousand years before I reach that holy place of execution when I think that you will be waiting for me there."